QUAINT AND CURIOUS.

A Lady's Visit to Little Heligoland, a Bright Gem of the North Sea.

NO PLACE EXACTLY LIKE IT.

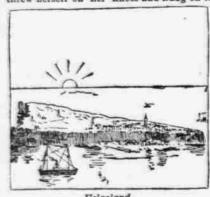
A Pretty Island With 2,000 Inhabitants,



CORRESPONDENCE OF THE DISPATCH.I ELIGOLAND, August 21.-Here we are at last, at Heligoland, and a very quaint. curious old place it is, different from anything I have ever seen before. We left Bremen, Saturday, in a small boat, only about half as large as New York ferryboats, and for about two hours had a very smooth passage, until

we got into the open Neistack: sen, when it began to be very rough, as there was a head wind and very heavy swells. There were only two women beside myself, and some ten men. The boat was very fast, and we were flying along, and I was thinking waat a glorious trip we were going to have, when she "took a header," as it were, and went down, down, until I thought we were going to the bottom, sure. But she no sooner got up when she was struck by a swell and thrown to one side,

NEARLY CRAZED WITH FRIGHT. One of the women went downstairs, and the other, who was alone with a little boy, threw herself on her knees and hung on to



my husband. I was sitting on a trunk as far back as we could get, and my husband held my one hand and the woman's with his other, when the steward came and took her downstairs. We only had a canvass over us and around the sides, and the waves would wash over and the water run down the deck several inches deep. Finally my husband sent for the captain for me, as I was nearly crazy with fright. He came and was very pleasant, and told me there was no danger, but the boat being so small it could not go through the waves as a large He wanted me to go downstairs. I told him if I was going to be drowned I wanted to see it. He laughed and shen went back to the bridge. Well, for three hours that boat went as it possessed of seven evil spirits. The trunks

ould slide over across the deck, and with the next swell come back again. My husband held me with one arm around me and my hand, and sometimes we would be thrown clear off the trunks. Indeed, I am lame yet from the strain, and I never expected to see Heligoland. However, at 5 o'clock we got here, and I

MANAGED TO GET INTO BED. stayed for that night. I neve want such an experience again. Forturiage blanket. My feet were soaking, but my dress escaped very well. I have learned since there is no better boat on the North Sea, and she can come here when others can't. But for persons not used to it, it is not pleasant. Last week she had 200 passengers, and had a worse passage than we had. Well, enough of this. Heligoland is the quaintest, most curious place I ever was in. We are staying on the "oberland," and have a very large room and breakfast of coffee, eggs, etc., for \$4 50 a week for both! Think of it! It is not on the front, however. but all we could get. The ascent from be-

low is made by an elevator or 200 steps, and

there is only one hotel here where all meals

are served, as every house lets rooms with

breakfast, and we dine at some of the many

restaurants, either here or below. The houses,



with the exception of those in front, are all only one or one and a half stories high, and the streets, no wider than our sidewalks, all paved with brick. It is just

LIKE A TOY VILLAGE,

and one almost feels that he could pick up the houses and set them down again. The town is along the cliff, and the rest of the top is a common which the people have almost entirely pianted with potatoes. Their sheep-some 200 on the island-also pasture here. There is a fence all around the cliff and every evening at sunset all the people walk around the island. It takes about an hour, and the view is beyond description, as you can see twenty miles on all sides out to sea. We strolled on the cliff the other evening. As the sun disappered in the water on the one side the moon arose out of the sea on the other. The sight was grand

beyond everything.
Heligoland belongs to England, and there is a Governor and his family here, but few English besides, as the natives are Germans, and the visitors, some 1,200 in a season, the same. Sunday we went to church at 5 o'clock in the afternoon, the first English services this year. There were only about 25 there. The Governor sat in a box encased with glass, at one side of the pulpit, and spent his time staring around. He is a very fine looking man.

SUCH A FUNNY THING happened when the minister announced the collection. The Governor leaned out of the little window and called his private secretary over. When he came he spoke to him and he dived into his pocket and handed out some money, which "his lordship" took. The secretary then got the plate, and of course had to pass it to him first. As he did so the absurdity was too much for English gravity, and both smiled. By this time the others had "caught on," and the

whole congregation was in a titter. The church is very old. The women sit on the one side and the men on the other, and each have their name printed on the pew in front of them, in every color im-aginable. Some have door plates, some little frames hung up, and as every one has their own cushion, covered in different color, the effect is somewhat like Joseph's coat. There are only about 30 people die here annually, out of 2,000 natives, and not

more than two children out of that. The people are very nice looking, and exceedngly polite. There is

NOT A HORSE

on the island, and many of the people have never seen one; and there are only five cows, the Governor owning two of those. The people use goat's and sheep's milk. My husband has met here an old gentleman he met on the Elbe two years ago, a Captain Ralf, from Detroit. He owns one of the lines of steamboats there. His son-in-law, Mr. Burt, is with him, and they have been Under England's Rule.

Wery kind to us. The Captain was born here, and came here a few years ago nearly dead with catarrh, and is now entirely cured. He owns a "villa" here, and is spoken of as the "rich American." He is a year fine call man. Last evening Mr. Bart very fine old man. Last evening Mr. Bur took us to the theater, and it was very good as the actors were from Hamburg. To-night there is a ball, where the natives all dance

once a week in costume.

Sunday evening we went to the Curhouse, to the ball, and the music was so grand I could hardly sit still. The Germans dance just the same. There are a great variety of people here, some very nice, a great many very fast looking. I have seen some very pretty girls, and a few pretty dresses. Their clothes are quite as modern as ours. The people go across every morning to an island a mile away, in boats, to bathe. I have not gone over yet. The stores here are filled with the usual gim-cracks—nothing to tempt one. However, we will remain here about ten days, then go to Hamburg and Berlin.

A BUSY DAY FOR THE WASP.

A Surprising Amount of Work Performed By an Industrious Insect.

New York Star. J There is a circular flower bed in City Hall Park situated directly beneath a big buttonwood tree on the Broadway side. Yesterday the attention of passersby was attracted by the actions of a big black "sand" or "dirt" wasp. The wasp was digging a hole in the ground beneath a broad leaf. The hole was and then struck by another and thrown to the other side, and I was sure my hour had evidently intended for a nest. After having more enjoyment in life and have time to selected the site for his future abode and egg repository the wasp commenced operations by removing small quantities of earth with his jaws. This earth the wasp carried away and hid in the grass about four feet away. The wasp worked very rapidly, and in a surprisingly short time had burrowed out quite a hole. During these boring operations the insect, in order to give the hole

perfect shape, kept his body continually moving round and round, and continuously ducking his head in and out. In the meantime, he kept his wings moving with a jerky, angry motion. The hole thus made was about three-eighths of an inch in diameter. After working in this industri-ous manner for nearly half an hour, the wasp had burrowed out quite a deep hole. His work seemed lighter when he got some distance below the surface, for he fairly forced the loose dirt up out of the hole in a tiny stream.

In a short time the wasp left the hole and

took away the little pile of loose sand from the mouth of the hole. In one of his journeys he ran across a small shaving. turned it over and over repeatedly, and after satisfying himself, apparently, that it would suit his purpose, he seized it in his jaws and carried it to the mouth of the hole. He carefully placed the little shaving over the hole. Then he piled a little mound of

sand upon the chip.

Later in the day the same wasp seized a worm and dragged it to the den he had built in the morning. When the hole was reached the wasp relinquished his prey for a moment, removed the shaving from the mouth of his den and then sprang into the hole. In a few moments he came back and again seized the squirming worm, which was slowly crawling away. Walking backward, the wasp dragged the worm into the hole. He soon reappeared and immediately began shoveling sand and little pebbles down upon his capture. He then replaced the door again, covered it with sand, took to his wings and flew away.

AN EXTRAORDINARY CATCH. A Chicago Fisherman of Truthtul Antece-

dents Lands a Whole Menagerie. Chicago Herald.I Thomas D. Snydar, in the Illinois Bank Building, is a fisher of men, enticing them nately I had my ulster along, and a car- to bite at his real estate office. He hasn't had a rod in his hands since he played truant at school. Still he has a friend who, he says, was fishing in an Illinois river a short time ago when he caught a 16-pound pickerel. "That is not so extraordinary." continued the good natured real estate man. "Just as large fish have been caught before, and will be again. But I am assured by him that when he opened that fish he found it had swallowed a muskallonge weighing nine pounds. Opening the muskallonge he found in its stomach a four-pound black bass inside of whose stomach was a 11/2 pound yellow bass, which in turn had swallowed a half-pound sun fish, and inside the latter was a beautiful ruby-throat hum-ming bird, not yet dead. Indeed he has it at home in a beautiful little cage, where it

hums happily all the day long.

All the fish were as sound as though life had not been extinct, and from the fact that that humming bird was yet alive and it being the first of the crowd that was swallowed it would seem that all this extraordinary swallowing, winding up with the capture of the pickerel, must have been within the space of seven minutes." While Mr. S. declined to verify the statement in all its A horse gets all be needs for health and particulars, he said his informant is the son of a preacher and born in Breathitt county, Kentucky, either of which distinctions ought to be sufficient proof of his veracity and his character for truth.

A METROPOLITAN MOUSE. He Lives on Brondway and Conducts a Very

Thriving Business. New York Herald, 1 He resides on Broadway, between Nineteenth and Twentieth streets, and does a thriving business in the show window of a large upholstery house. Every day when the lavender tinted blind is dropped this little mouse comes out and runs along the lower edge between the glass and the curtain diaging up flies with its tiny claws and then sitting on his hind feet munches

them as a squirrel would munch a hickory nut. Meanwhile he blinks out at the passers by in utmost indifference. People often step up to the window and take a near view of the busy chap, but he doesn't mind it in the least, seeming to know that no one would break the largest pane of plate glass on Broadway for a mere mouse. Almost any day after six and every Sunday this little fellow may be seen having a jolly good feast of dainty flies that have dined on the tapestry painted fruit of

the richly upholstered furniture. For months he has enjoyed himself right in sight of all Broadway, yet his age can only be guessed at, for such a life of security and plenty would keep wrinkles off for years.

The Fate of a Carper.



Jungle Fowl-I wish that an interntable Providence had made worms larger. They're hardly worth picking up .- Puck.

BOON FOR WOMEN

Would a Dishwashing Machine be, if it Could be Made to Work.

How Housekeepers Might Succeed in Securing Good Servants, and

KEEPING THEM WHEN THEY'RE FOUND

WRITTEN FOR THE DISPATCH. Nothing will add more comfort to the housekeeper's hard lot than the newly invented dishwashing machine, if it should prove to be a success. Mrs. Helen M. Gongar, the noted temperance speaker, states that she saw it in operation at a large hotel in Decatur, and testifies that it washed and dried the dishes used for 100 guests, and that all this was done in 20 minutes, without wetting the hands. The dishes come out perfectly cleaned and polished better than can be done by the deftest workers and nicest tea towels. These machines are to be adapted to the uses of either large families or small ones, as the sisters will be rejoiced to hear.

It is hard to see how such a machine can be made to work, but in these days it would seem as if miracles were becoming the common order of things. The sewing machine was a marvel in its day, and would have proved the greatest blessing to overworked women it they could have been satisfied with the plain sewing as of yore; but no, they went to ruffling, and tucking, and braiding, and embroidering, and shirring in a way that leaves but little more leisure than when only hand sewing was in vogue. If it were not for all this supreme passion read the newspapers, and thus make herself a more intelligent being.

NOT A DIFFICULT WAY. It is told of Lucretia Mott-the famous Quaker and leader among women-that when wonder was expressed as to how she found time for reading and writing and preaching with her large family and great extension of hospitality, she replied that it was easy enough—she simply made her children's clothes without trimmings. This is a practical hint to some of the poor mothers who wear themselves out over the sewing machine in order to have frills.

But this dishwashing machine, if it prove practically a success, will be a blessed boon in housekeeping, where dishes to wash three times a day is one of the most tiresome and detestable of duties. The grandmothers, with their few cooking utensils and scarcity of Wedgewood, or Royal Worcester, or even plain white ware, had an easier time than their descendants of to-day, who use more dishes to serve a meal for two people than can be washed and dried properly in an hour. Every year more dishes are added to what was formerly deemed necessary. In old times people went to the table and ate their dinners with only a plate, a cup and saucer and a knife and fork and perhaps a dessert plate. Now there are enough glasses, individual butters, catmeal bowls, bone dishes, dessert saucers, relays of course dishes and different sets of knives and forks and spoons and dessert plates and after dinner coffees to keep up the dishwashing racket for two or three mortal hours. Men often say in the disparagement of the women of to-day that they have nothing like the grit and "get-up" in them that their grand-mothers had, but if the good old girls of that elder day could have seen the piles of dishes displayed now to be washed after each meal, they would have shrunk back

ONE OF TIME'S CHANGES.

If we remember correctly, the first chinaware was brought to England in Queen Elizabeth's day, and her few pieces brought from China were treasured like Mrs. Mor-gan's peach-blow vase, or Millet's "Angelus," or Mrs. Mackay's "Sapphire." A hundred years ago the first families of Pittsburg had only a few pewter plates and dishes, with perhaps a few wooden bowls and battered pewter spoons-helped out by those made of horn. In those primitive days of Arcadian simplicity, it is plain that the grandmothers knew nothing of the drudgery of washing dishes, as carried on to-day. Moreover, they were absolutely ignorant of the modern style of having seven sets of glasses for the serving of wine-as even ordinary families have to-day. They took their liquid refreshment of whisky ou of a bottle called "Black Betty," and had no bother with either glasses or decanters or

What would do most to simplify housekeeping would be for some inventive genius like Edison to get up a concentrated food that could be taken without any dishes at all. To do away with the cooking of three meals a day over a hot stove, and likewise the marketing and preparation for them, would be much more of a laborsaving invention than even a dish-washing machine that will do up the dishes of a family in two minutes. Men in the armies of the world can be kept in splendid condition with the sausages invented by a German chemist; with hardtack and water or coffee in a cauteen. So why should not some genius succeed in concentrating food that will answer every purpose of nourishment with the least possible labor and trouble? strength out of a peck of oats and a bundle of hay; so why should we not hope that some enthusiastic chemist may some day discover what will

BEST SUSTAIN MANKIND

without the martyrdom of the kitchen range, or the disagreeableness of dishwashing, which of late years has grown to such enormous and extravagant proportions, that the average housekeeper is bothered and burdened beyond words to teil.

However, let us be thankful that a woman has used her brains for the purpose of getting rid of this onerous business. Life will from the cups, and fracturing the most treasured and precious of glasses and dishes The trouble about this luxuriousness of living, as to all this nicety and elegance of table service, is that the housekeeper of average means who can only keep one girl, perhaps, struggles to have her table and napery, and china and silver, as elegant, and the food served with as much style as one who has a cook in the kitchen, a butler in the pantry, and a waiter in the diningroom, and thus makes her own life a regular grind, especially when the help goes on a rampage and puts on her duds and "lights out." No one but she who has been there knows how the waves of trouble roll in that kitchen where piles of dishes are to be washed in the loveliest part of the evening, when all of the neighbors are out taking in its delights and where in the midst of the harrowing job, a caller drops in to spend the evening, thus leaving the dishes to do at bedtime, or worse, in the hurry of the morning. To all such housekeepers Mrs. Cochran's invention will be a refuge in distress-a cause of rejoicing, and a taste of freedom from downright drudgery.

A SOLUTION IN SIGHT. It may be that by this and other means It may be that by this and other means the domestic problem which has grown more trying and less easy of solution of late than ever may be reached. The American girl has made up her mind solemnly and determinedly that she will not work in anythicken with the second of the compelled to do oody's kitchen until she is compelled to de

it for board and clothes, with a husband thrown in.

Job, with all his sore afflictions, escaped the worries and exasperations of the fiends of the kitchen, whom so many mistresses spend their lives in trying to mold into usefulness and into doing good service for ample wages. It is a missionary work, that like the missions among the heathen in forthrown in.

eign lands, costs far more than it comes to

in almost every case.

"Why don't you treat your girls in the kitchen as I do my men in the ditches?" asked a coutracter of his wife. "You don't suppose I would spend my time getting down there with a shovel to teach an incompetent man how to work? Not much!

competent man how to work? Not much! I simply fire him out, and get another that knows how and can do better."

The answer is easy. The supply of domestic workers is not equal to the demand. Moreover, a man can be very independent who has not the care and claims of small children to consider. In many cases the dilemma is presented to the housewife that either the house or the children must be neglected, and—sad to say—it is oftentimes the latter who have to suffer. SOLUTION OF THE HELP PROBLEM. the latter who have to suffer.

This domestic problem is bad enough, and pressing enough here at home, where natural gas has relieved "the girl" of the hardest labor, but the women of the West say it is labor, but the women of the West say it is simply awful out there, and something has to be done about it. Farmers' wives suffer especially for lack of help. In the cities bread and cooked supplies may be procured when emergencies occur; laundries furnish a way to dispose of the washing and ironing when a strike takes place in the household; but on the farms and in the villages NO SUCH EASEMENTS

are to be procured, even if the money were in hand. The way out of it, say some, is to simplify housekeeping; cut off all of the superfluous, and do only what is necessary. It is folly for women to overwork them-selves and leave their children to the care of

serves and leave their control to the care of step-mothers and hirelings.

But the trouble about many women is that they have been trained to the idea that self-sacrifice is a sort of duty—that patient endurance of wrong is a virtue that merits neaven-that work to and worry, and wear out before their prime is something that will add an extra brilliance to their crowns hereafter. But as some distinguished man used to say, they should "disbandon the idea." They should make up their minds to their constitutional right of life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness, and act ac-

cordingly.

Another idea advanced by a brilliant woman is that men should be trained to domestic work—since the supply of men is greater than the demand for their labor. This seems feasible. Black men in the South do housework, and do it well. ters on cars do chamber work, and do it well. Men make the best cooks, as has been made very plain. In all bistory no woman has achieved fame as a cook, though the names of many men have become immortal in the art of gastronomy. The Chinese are famous as making good servants, so why should not other men? The subject is open to other suggestions on this point.

A COUNCIL OF WAR. Another idea is to hold a national con-Another idea is to hold a listicial con-clave of housekeepers, to consider the sub-ject of domestic help, and have the best thought upon the subject presented. On the ground that in a multitude of counsel-ors there is safety, men meet and sit upon their subjects and debate their difficulties and sometimes come to a conclusion, so why should not women? Women meet in national congress to devise ways and means for the promotion of temperance; to wake up sympathy and enthusiasm for the faraway heathen; to co-operate and advance the interests of the G. A. R. and other societies, so why should they not consult on this intimate domestic problem which most nearly concerns their own comfort and the well-being of their families?

Mrs. Harrison's experience with servants, especially her French cook, shows that the trouble extends from the highest in position to the lowest, and that something urgently needs to be done. He who would be free himself must strike. The blow applies with as great force to women as to men. If anything is to be achieved in this matter romen themselves must act. By their own brains, judgment, common sense, combination and co-operation can this great problem

be fairly faced and solved.

Mrs. Cochran—if her dishwashing machine creates the revolution in domestic affairs presaged for it—will have written her name high in the list of benefactors who have blessed the world by their inventions.

BESSIE BRAMBLE.

SIGNS OF A HARD WINTER.

A Rural Weather Prophet's Predictions and What They Are Based On.

"We are going to have an early fall and a long, cold, hard winter," remarked Samnel Lovelace, an old Jersey farmer, to several friends at the New Washington Market vesterday.

"How do you figure that out?" asked ne of the marketmen.

fruit. You will find your apples and tabrec, try to fit a glove waist to her deprespeaches and grapes, and all your fruit, for that matter, which is home-grown, with a thicker and tougher skin than you have blonde, whose hair is not quite white, load seen for several years. That is one of the her dress with gold oriental trimming, or indications. That is the way nature takes care of her products. Last winter apples and other fruits were so thin-skinned and therefore the effect of a white moth by daylight. Why do women fuss over their complexions and paste, putty tender that it was hard to gather them and powder their faces, all indifferent to without braising them, if you will remem- their conditions as to stoutness or the reber, and we had an extraordinary mild verse, which usually include the question

The ears this year are protected by thicker and stronger husks than I have seen before for years, and talking with farmers up in Pennsylvania I find it is the same way. Wheat and rye straw are tougher, hay is wirier and seed pods are better protected than usual. These are old farmers' signs, and they are good ones, because they don't come from any moon-planting superstition, but from actual observation year after year by a class of men whose interests lie in keeping close watch of all of nature's

A RELIABLE BAROMETER.

Insects' Webs on the Grass a Certain Sign of Fair Weather. St. Louis Republic.]

Speaking of the dry weather, a close observer of nature remarked to the man about town: "I have a dry weather sign which for years I have never known to fail and it of a hotel plazza, where they sit or parade, at the same time illustrates the great wisdom of small creatures, and that is this: Whenever you see the grass of the lawn or field covered with numerous small webs, as you have doubtless often seen, you may deend upon it that the weather will be dry for some time.

"The tiny creatures seem to know with unerring wisdom when to spread their tents and they require no time to make calcula-I have frequently noticed them immediately on the cessation of a rain."



Mr. Crossrhoades-Mirandyl some thief got in back o' the counter t'day 'n' stole

Shirley Dare Says It Consists in Conforming to the Seasons.

FAIR WOMAN IN BECOMING ROBES

As Pretty a Sight as the Eye of Man E'er Wishes to Behold.

CLEVER GIRL CRITICAL OF WEIGHT



and fragrant with breath of surf and balsam pine. Such wine needs no bush. The house is kept to English taste, and being on its own domain makes its own rules. You can wear a yachting suit or a Tuxedo dress for a fortnight if you like, without of-fending. The Commodore's daughter has worn her plain navy blue boating suit, a Cowes gown to begin for the last ten days, and so has the young Southern heiress, of the Amelie Rives type, but quieter, and the leading actress, born granddaughter of an Episcopal dignitary, and akin to half a dozen of the best names in the really best American society, spending the summer with her exclusive and patrician family who never allow the theater mentioned in their

THEY DO THE DRESSING. The second rate people, and the middle-

aged ladies do the dressing for the commu-nity. The beauties and the bel esprits leave their trunks full of gowns unpacked, and one begins to believe a yachting dress of dead blue, or white reliet of dark red or white lines at wrist and collar the most becoming dress in the world, which it is to a

good figure and complexion.

After seeing a fair woman in the dress which most suits her, you no more wish to which most suits her, you no more wish to see her in any other than to see an oriole in pink or a robin in parrot green. When women learn the art of dress, they will need much less in the way of outfitting than they do now—a change with the season, that is all It is your cheap, prononces illchosen gown less fit than fashionable, which one tires of soon, and if women did but know it, there is but one style becoming to each one if them, which brings out her good point and suppresses poor ones, which we point and suppresses poor ones, which we should be glad to see her in continually. Mary Stuart had

FIFTY GRAND DRESSES. stiff with gold and minever, and shot with rubies and pearls as a modern gown is with jet, but who ever wishes to think of her in any estume but that of her picture, the black velvet gown, fitting easily the supple figure, the transparent cuffs and ruff of point lace, the net of pearls and the white veil? She, being a beautiful, graceful wo-man could do with a wardrobe of few dresses, compared with the royal frump, Elizabeth Regina, who had 3,000 toilets, some of which, we are told, exist to this day. But she needed something gorgeous to take people's eyes from her black teeth. As are an economy, as one can dress on so much less into them."

have you not inflicted on the traveling pub- class caravansary surprises and scares him lic in the premeditated affronts in dress you west in vacation. She can see the benevolent use of earthquakes, tornadoes and epi-

merely, which disconcerts one, it is the ill health and ill disposition met in the harsh or peevish faces. And why does the stout, barrel-shaped, middle-aged girl always enme of the marketmen.
"In the first place," the Jerseyman rewaist, and skirt at her shoe tops, and the plied, "just try the skin of any of your thin, worn-out woman, who looks more verof complexion? A clever woman Corn is another of nature's signboards, as critical of ten pounds too much in her contour as of pimples on her nose. It is a sign

SHE EATS TOO MUCH. or takes too little exercise, and when peopl are refined to a proper standard they will be as ashamed of being lazy or inactive as they are of being low bred in other ways. Women weighing 20 pounds more than they have a right to, implore some charm to do away with superfluous hair for evermore, unmindful that the extra 20 pounds comes long before the downy face which springs from the fat under the skin just as it does

from glycerine or agnine upon it. How few people in this world know ho to rest! There is little provision made to relieve the strain of life in travel or hotels. I see the tired women leave heated towns for an outing by excursion boats or trains, where the crowd and vile air reduce what little strength they start with. Arrived, their only resource is a seat on the backless benches of a summer garden, or the chairs LUNCHING INDIGESTIBLY,

till it is time to return. If these women and children could follow the example of boys, and fling themselves at length on the sward, the rest would be ten times as refreshing. Better still, if the Shaker chair on the piazzas were each provided with the new legrests, which allow one decorously to assume a reclining posture.

The one idea of popular summer resorts should be to give tired people the best chance for change and rest, to recruit for the rest of their years poisoning in the city. Easy chairs, foot rests, ham-mocks, simple dress, wholesome fare, and general license to be comfortable should be the rule of such resorts. A little rest, a little relief counts for so much in this modern life which keeps one on the strain. And then it is easy to take some of these good things home with one. The flaunel shirt and the tennis sash will appear in the parks and on piazzas in town, and the boating dress, or the Tuxedo, is too comfortable not to be affectionately worn whenever ex-cuse can be made for it.

COMFORTS OF THE SEASON. The steamer chair, the Japanese lounge or the splint chair and footrest will be apolied to when fatigue besets one, and the light, clean, healthy fashions of the seaside be grafted on the prim way of the town. The sailor blouse and Tuxedo dress first taught women that they could really disense with a tight corset and yet be pio irresque.

If the Venus of the water chose a gown of

fashion it would, I think, be a draped Tuxedo, which one can transform into two or three different styles at pleasure. For instance, it is easy to fasten the skirt over the sailor blouse and have a trim, belted waist. Or a surah front may be gathered over it, and the empire sash girdle the fullness. The skirt raised a little on one side over the striped shirt is really Greek, although the barred panel on the

right could be dispensed with. It is so warm, clinging easy, and stands such hard wear that it is of all others the dress for outings, for prairie walks and mountain scrambles, gardening and hard usage generally. It is the sanitary dress, above all others, made of elastic, all-wool jersey stuff, delightful for cool autumn wear.

. AT A DIFFERENT RESORT.

Before reaching this favored island it was my luck to spend a few days at a hostelry of another sort close to a huge summer garden, the daily resort of sheals of excursionists. I stayed because not strong enough to get farther, but the study of the average American society fascinated by its hideousness, as long as one could not get away from it. Such unrelieved vulgarity, en masse, I never saw before. Money seemed plenty, the people were well-to-do small manufacturers and business men with their families or the inevitable "young fellow" and his "girl," who might be wife or sweetheart. The women dressed well enough, with abundance of cheap bracelets and Rhinestone eardrops, a good deal of jet and moire, and common embroidery. There had been money enough spent on them, evidently, and I have seen women far worse inexpensively dressed who looked pretty as pinks, but these women could not hit their own style at all. Their gowns had the look of ready-made things, of being manufactured from unsalable remnants, and raffled for. Toe dresses was being manufactured from unsalable rem-nants, and raffled for. The dresses were trying, but endurable, compared to the man-ners which went with them.

SHIRLEY DARE. A GIANT AMONG FLOWERS.

Description of a Floral Wonder That Blooms In a London Garden. Frank Leslie's Weekly.

A floral wonder recently unfolded itself in the water lily tank at Kew Gardens, London, opposite the famous Victoria Regia. It was a gigantic arold, which was discovered in 1878 by Dr. O. Beccari, the Italian octanist, in Sumatra. The suber of one of these enormous flowers which Beccari took up was nearly 5 feet in circumference, and these enormous flowers which Beccari took up was nearly 5 feet in circumference, and while two men were carrying it they fell and the tuber was broken. He tried to procure others, and meanwhile, in 1878, forwarded some seeds, which were plauted. They were shaped like an olive, bright red, and 1½ inches long. A seedling a vear and a half old was presented to Kew Gardens. Year by year it demanded a larger and larger pot. What was thought to be the trunk finally proved to be a 10-foot leaf-stalk, and the three branches as thick as a man's

over at the edges beautifully white and crumpled. The odor, however, was simply vile, filling the entire atmosphere with an

QUEER PEOPLE AT ROTELS. .

One Man Forgets His Name and Another Is Afraid to Register.

Hotel Clerk, in Chicago Herald.1 "Once in a while we have a queerer character even than usual to deal with. Only yesterday a fine looking man, whom I after ward found to be a distinguished scientist, couldn't for the life of him think of his she tild one of her counselors, "Good looks, as mich as are conveyed by good condition, register. The general run of queer custoregister. The general run of queer custo-mers comes from the agricultural districts. A big city hotel is a revelation and a terror But oh, my country women, what horrors to him. Everything in and about a firstthe first act of signing the register is a seridemics, in decimating the shoals of ugly women one meets traveling. It is not want of good looks which disconcerts one it is the ill

mortgages, lawsuits and forclosures.
"The meekest and easiest to satisfy of all whom a hotel clerk meets is the typical western cowboy. The tougher he is on the plains the meeker he is here. The muzzle of a loaded Colt placed against his templ wouldn't make him turn half so pale as th sight of pen and ink thrust toward him He is out of his element then and appre ciates it without the slightest effort at dis

WONDERFUL TRAINED FISH.

They Act as Decoys to Lure Their Brethre From the Lake. Chicago Herald.

Opie P. Read is another teller of fish yarns. He was up at Minnetonka last sumner, and when he came back he did some tales unfold. He said he found a man up there who had made a business of training fish, and had succeeded so well that he could supply people who came there with decoy bass. These trained fish would follow a boat out into the lake, and when it anchored would get the other bass to running a race for the bait the fisherman dropped into the water, hiding the murder ous hook.

The wildest yarn Opie tells, though, is about a man who had been in the habit of feeding a school of fish from off a pier every day by throwing crumbs to them. Opie says the fish got to know the man well, and one day, when he made a misstep and fell in, being unable to swim, he would have drowned had it not been for his finny friends. They saw his predicament, and formed themselves into a solid raft under him and thus buoyed him up until he was

TAKE A HERRING FOR YOUR COLD. One Who Has Tried the Medicine Says It's

a Certain Cure. I was traveling with a circus once in England and got laid up with a cough, cold and sore throat that I thought was going to lay me on the shelf for the rest of the season, but a French sailor came along and cured me. He took a raw herring, split it, wrapped it in a cloth, saturated the whole thing with coal oil, tied it about my throat and neck. I was well in two days. When I came here I told about the remedy to a German matron in whose family I boarded "Why," said she, "it's an old German family remedy, and has been used by my people ever since I can remember. It's in-

His Upqualified Opinion



Man-With-One-Muskrat-Chin-box heap better than Injun agent! Talk-talk, all same don't steal. Wough!—Puck, SUNDAY THOUGHTS

MORALS AND MANNERS

BY A CLERGYMAN.

A certain Prof. Mahaffy, of Dublin, who is an authority on Greek literature, has been lecturing at Chautauqua on ancient Greece with modern applications. In a lecture upon "Primitive Man," a week or two ago, upon "Primitive Man," a week or two ago, he said, among other things, wise and otherwise: "In the preamble of your great Declaration of Rights appears, I believe, the statement that all men are equal in the sight of God. That statement was borrowed, not from the Scriptures, but from the speculations of the French revolutionists, whose opinion on the subject was, to my mind of opinion on the subject was, to my mind, of very small value. You are fond of talking of the equality of all men. The longer I read history and the more I look around society, the more I see profound inequalities in men. It is not true that every man is equal, in men. It is not true that every man is equal, in the sight of either God or men. I suppose that this is an awful heresy, but, at least, as long as I' am in this country, I am a free man; so you will allow me to make a clean breast of it."

Prof. Mahaffy may be an expert in the classics; he is evidently not an authority in things American. If he knows which way a Greek accent ought to slant he certainly does not know the leaning and meaning of the Declaration of Independence, and of the political history which illustrates it. Sidney Smith said that it took a surgical operation to get a joke into a Scotchman's head. In the same way it should seem that it requiree a surgical operation to ret the doctrine of equal rights into an Englishman's head. This is what the Declaration of Independence says: "We hold these truths to be self-evident, that all men are created equal; that they are endowed by their Creator with certain inallenable rights; that among these are life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness: that to the consent of the governed."

There is not a school boy in the United States.

There is not a school boy in the United State who does not understand by this that it is o civil rights that Jefferson is speaking—of the political rights which the English Governmen of George III. and Lord North had assume and assumed to dearly a the American cold while two men were carrying it they fell and the tuber was broken. He tried to procure others, and meanwhile, in 1878, forwarded some seeds, which were planted. They were shaped like an olive, bright red, and 1½ inches long. A seedling a year and a halr old was presented to Kew Gardens. Year by year it demanded a larger and larger pot. What was thought to be the trunk inally proved to be a 10-foot leaf-stalk, and the three branches as thick as a man's thigh were veins or ribs of a leaf 4 yards long. Last March the bulb was repotted, and measured 4 feet 8 inches in circumference, 1 foot 6 inches in diameter, 10 inches in depth and weighed 67 pounds. Early in May the flower bud began to push, growing an inch a day the first week, two inches the second week, then three unches, until in the second week of June it swelled almost visibily.

Finally the head of the object began to uncurl, showing a deep maroon lining with a great toothed rim. The stature of this giant flower from head to foot was 6 feet 9 inches. The spathe was 3 feet deep and 4 feet across, the spadix 5 feet long and 10 inches in diameter at the base, narrowing to a point greenish in the early stage, turning to a drab as it grew older. The bell-like spathe was of a bluish maroon with velvet-like sheaf indescribably beautiful, turning over at the edges beautifully white and crumpled. The odor, however, was simply vile, filling the entire atmosphere with an insufferable stench.

Historical Progress and Christianity. The most thoughtful scholars accept the doctrine of historical progress. Tennyson sets

One increasing purpose runs, And the thoughts of men are broadened,

One increasing purpose runs,
And the thoughts of men are broadened,
With the process of the suna."

Some skeptical critics maintain that it must
inevitably result from this truth that Christianity will be outgrown and discarded. This
faith, we are assured, has played a great part
in the drama of humanity; but already
"Superfinous lags the veteran on the stage."
It is no longer the helper of the onward movement of the race. It is now a conservative
barrier. Like all old things and decrepit, it is
stationary, even reactionary. These charges
are made noisily, if not widely, and are repeated as though they would become true by
virtue of the "damnable iteration." In reply,
we say that all the progress which history records for two millenniums has been
confined to Christian nations. China
has not advanced. Central Africa has not advanced. They have had every motive, every
spring-board which we have, except Christianity. Yet Europe and America are the foremost prow of progress, while Asia and Africa
are as dead as the mummles of Thebes. But it
is said that the progress in the so-called
Christian nations is now confined to circles
outside the pole of Christianity—further proof
of its exhaustion. Well, here, too, "it will
be found," remarks Professor Goldwin Smith,
"on closer inspection, that these apparent seceders from Christendom remain Christians in
their whole view of the world, of Gold, of the
human character and destiny; speak a language
and appeal to principles and sympathies essentially Christian: draw their moral life from the
Christendom which surrounds them: receive
their wives at Christian altars, and bring up
their children in the Christian faith." This
view is corroborated by the author of ficce their wives at Christian altars, and bring up their children in the Christian faith." This view is corroborated by the author of Ecce Homo in a striking sentence: "If a high and complete morality often exist independent of it. The atmosphere of Europe has been saturated for some 15 centuries with Christian principles, and however far the cebellion against the church may have spread, it may still be called the Moral University of the world. While this is so it is idle for any virtue that springs up in its neighborhood to claim to be independent of it. Christian influences are in the air: our very conception of virtue is that springs up in its neighborhood to claim to be independent of it. Christian influences are in the air; our very conception of virtue is Christian." But the crowning assurance of the Christian that his faith can never be outgrown and discarded, whatever may be what Renan calls "the surprises of the future," is gotten from the fact that Christianity rests upon one fundamental, indestructible moral principle, viz: The love of God, our Father, and the love of man, our brother. And the type of character set forth in the Gospel is the absolute embodiment of this love, both toward God and man. "This being the case," says Prof. Goldwin Smith, whom we have already quoted, "it is difficult to see how the Christian type of character can ever be left behind by the course of human development, lose the allegiance of the moral world, or give place to a newly emerging and higher type. This type, it would appear, being perfect, will be final. It will be final, not as precluding future history, but as comprehending fit. The moral efforts of all ages will be efforts to realize this character, and to make it actually, as it is potentially, universal."

Meanwhile there are no indications visible, even with a microscope, that this Christian type hean attained to much less surpassed.

even with a microscope, that this Christian type has been attained to, much less surpassed.

Selections for the Sabbath. My lord rides out at the castle gate, My lady is grand in bower and hall, My lady is grant to wait, with men and maidens to cringe and wait, But John o' the smithy must pay for all.

—Old Song.

THE best advertisement of a workshop is first-class work. The best advertisement of a church is well-made Christian character.—T. L. "Tis the same to him who wears a shoe, as if the whole earth were covered with leather, Persian Property.

CHILDREN are travelers newly arrived in a

strange country; we should therefore make

conscience not to mislead them .- Locke,

THE rich man is everywhere expected and at Ir would have taken a Jesus to forge a Jesus -Theodore Parker. An injury done to one is a threat held out to

It is more disgraceful to distrust one's friends than to be deceived by them .- Rochefaucauld, WE are all unformed lumps, and of so various a contexture that every moment every piec plays its own game, and there is as much differ-ence betwirt us and ourselves as betwirt us and others .- Montaigne. No one's belief that duty is an objective re

ality is stronger than his belief that God is so.— John Stuart Mill. HAPPY is he that walks with that strongsiding champion conscience.—Millon.

FACTS are not less facts because they are not

ONE may be more cunning than another, but not more so than all others -Old Saying.

In a State of Perplexity. The situation in which Dakota finds herself is like that of a small girl just learning

to write. She doesn't know exactly where to put her capitals,

SOME KNOWING JURISS. Remarkable Verdices That Were Based.
Upon a Friari Reasoning.
London Glabel 1

Lenden State. I

There is the story of the Devocahire jury—we believe authentie—who tried a man for stealing hay found him guilty, adding as a rider that "they didn't think the prisoner done it, but there's been a lot taken herenbeuts by someone." Then, too, there is the famous Cornish jury, which began its deliberations on a murder case, where the

deliberations on a murder case, where the prisoner was accused of having killied his mother by putting poison in her supper of "a rabbit smothered in onions," by the foreman saying: "Well, gentlemen, I suppose we're all agreed that he did it?"

The remark having received general assent, the following comments are said to have been made: "For myself, I can't see what business an old woman had to go eating a rabbit smothered in onions at that time of night." "Serves her right for being so foolish." "I haven't touched a rabbit smothered in onions for years, nor don't want to." "I hate the stuff."

After many such observations, a jure finally remarked, "Well, the woman's dead and hanging him won't bring her to life, a remark greeted with approval, and will the clinching query, "Then I suppose it "Not guilty," gentlemen?" and "No guilty," it was.

If we cross the Irish Channel, such it stances could, of course, be multiplied hundredfold. As it is, we will take lear of the subject by recalling to our reades minds the legend of the Irish jury, who

minds the legend of the Irish jury, who, in spite of the fact that a case of mistaken identity had been proved, insisted on a verdict of "Guilty of arson," because, as one of the said. "Since your Honey, it avery of them said,—"Sure, your Honor, it's like to be the man that stole my grey last Christmas."



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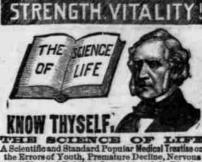


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